

CHAPTER VIII.

Brought to Bay. Maving arrived at this decision, went back to my bedroom, and tried my hardest to get to sleep, for I knew thow important it was that I should be well and strong upon the morrow.

'At last, and after many ineffectual attempts, I did fall asleep, and slept se soundly that the breakfast-gong was sounding when I awoke. I was de-Mighted to find my cold nearly cured, and, dressing hurriedly, I went downstairs, where the very first person I waw was Lady Gramont.

She was standing at the door of the Breakfast room, holding in her arms a giny Maltese terrier of Lady Mallory's. She was fondling it tenderly, pressing mer lips to its little body, and calling St the most endearing names. I thought of my poor Nero, and smiled grimly. "You are fond of dogs, Lady Gra-

For the life of me, I could not have avoided giving her that home-thrust. It told. I saw her cheeks flush like a Toss. She could not look me in the face. She could not answer me. She mur-mured some inarticulate word or two, and passed into the breakfast room with a hasty step. Vera was at the table. She rose from her place at sight of me, and came towards me, her hand extended with the prettiest, sweetest

"Oh, Sir Douglas, I am so glad you are better!" she whispered, softly, rais-"Thank you," I answered; and again

there was a curious pain at my heart as I thought of the gulf which yawned between me and this sweet child.
"Where is Lady Mallory?" asked Sir Thomas impatiently, as the breakfast gong sounded a second time, and yet our hostess did not make her appear-

ance. Before anyone could answer him, a maid came flying into the room. "Oh! please, my lady says will you go upstairs at once?" she panted, breathlessly, addressing Sir Thomas, 'My lady thinks there were burglars

in the house last night!" Everyone sprang to their feet, utterang simultaneously exclamations of dismay and alarm.

Lady Gramont alone retained any semblance of composure, and even she curned pale. I regarded her intently. She seemed, I thought, conscious my scrutiny, and uneasy under it. At



C'It is useless for you to seek to deceive me further.")

may rate, she moved to quite the other eend of the room and took care not to Burn her face in my direction. Sir Thomas was hurrying out of the woom, all excitement, when, at the door the was met by Lady Mallory.

"My jewels are gone, Tom!" she said, making a brave effort not to seem too agitated, but looking very white. Sir Thomas ripped out a hasty oath. Shen turned to his lady guests, and begged them to examine their jewel

"I sincerely hope the loss is wife's alone," he said, with a look of

moncern which testified to the sincerity of his hope. The ladies needed no second bidding. They flew upstairs to their jewel case

-all but Lady Gramont. She remained where she was "It is needless for me to go," she re-

marked, quite calmly, "My jewels were with Lady Mallory's. She kindly ofsered to take charge of them for me. If hers are gone, of course mine are

"Yes, Beatrice, they are. Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Lady Mallory, taking ther future sister-in-law's hand, and speaking in a tone of affectionate con-"Those beautiful sapphires that Harold gave you! I would not have had you lose them for the world. But who could have forseen such a thing as

"Don't trouble about me, dear," re turned Lady Gramont, gently. "I fear I am by no means the only loser. I wish, with all my heart, I were."

I stood a silent listener and spectasor, simply lost in amazement. would I think but that Beatrice Gramont was the confederate of thieves? That it was she who had admitted one Into the house last night?

And yet she could stand there, talking to her hostess of the burglary, with her beautiful face quite unmoved, or expressing only a gentle concern, such as any lady might feel at the loss of

her jewels. "Oh, but it is so dreadful to have saving myself with difficulty from fallsuch things happen in one's house!" said Lady Mallory. "I would have givem a thousand pounds to have prevent-

ed it. Come, Beatrice, let us go upstairs and see whether anything else is missting. Perhaps you and I are the only sufferers, after all." But even as she spoke, excited exclamations from the other guests con-

winced her that the depredators had not been thus moderate. The chamber of every lady guest had been entered, and her jewel case completely rifled.
Of course, the whole house was soon

an a state of the wildest excitement The servants were summoned, and subjected to the severest cross-examinations. Grave suspicion see ed to at tach to one of them, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the thief to have entered the how without help from inside. The butler swore that every door and window h d been securely

fastened when he went his usual round at midnight; and yet, now, a scullery door was found unfastened. Undoubt-edly it was by this the thief had made

his ingress.
Sir Harold assisted his brother-inlaw in his investigations, and, when the police arrived, he was foremost i instructing them. I stood and listened with an ever-deepe ing sense of hor

"Spare no pains to find the criminals," he said; and I shuddered when I reflected that, before long, he must needs be told that one at least, of those criminals was the woman he so entirely worshipped.

I was only anxious to see where Beatrice Gramont went at half-past five in the evening and on what errand. I doubted not I should gain then all the proof I needed, and it would be my duty to tell him everything. I shall pass over that uncomfortable and, to me, most unhappy day. Everybody was full of the robbery, and seemed unable to talk of anything else; and it was a theme of which I, knowing what I did, could not bear to speak. I shunned Gwynne's society, for how could I look him in the face while I was concealing such a secret from him?

I shunned Vera's equally and it may be imagined I did not throw myself in the way of Lady Gramont. I just moped about in out-of-the-way corners and was, perhaps, as thoroughly un-comfortable as I had ever been in my

"A pretty Christmas it will be for us all!" I thought grimly. "Poor Gwynne will carry a broken heart, if ever man did in this world. Vera will have to know there is something wrong, even if she isn't told the whole truth, and shall seem like the evil genius who has caused the misery and wretchedness. I wish to Heaven I'd never come here this Christmas, or, still better, that I hadn't seen what I did see last Christ-

As the afternoon wore on, I watcher Lady Gramont intently, and I fancied she showed some signs of agitation. The color in her face was a trifle deeper than usual; her smile had lost some thing of its sweet, bright serenity.

At half past four, Lady Mallory dispensed tea to her guests, and, imme-diately after it, the ladies always retired to their rooms, to dress for din-ner, for we dined rather early at Deepdene. Sir Thomas never liked to take his dinner later than six or half-past.

I noticed that Lady Gramont was the first to retire. I watched her up the staircase; then I, too, beat a retreat, and, hurrying up to my room, I put on a hat and an overcoat, and, coming downstairs again, made my way outside the house, and stationed myself in a little shrubbery, where I could com-mand a view of all the doors, save

those which belonged to the servants. It must be remembered that, although I knew the hour, I did not know the place of meeting; and, therefore, there was nothing for it but to watch for Lady Gramont to leave the house and to follow her wherever she went. It was bitterly cold as I stood there,

among the leafless trees, I remembered with something like a shudder, that tomorrow would be Christmas Eve-the anniversary of the day when that poor unknown wretch had been foully murdered in the mountain pass. For abou twenty minutes I stood anxiously waiting. But. at length, my patience was rewarded. One of the French windows of the library was opened, and Lady Gramont stepped out. I saw her features distinctly in the moonlight. I saw, too, that she was enveloped from head to foot in a long dark cloak, and that she appeared to be carrying some thing both bulky and heavy beneath it. She cast one swift, anxious look around, as though to assure herself she was not observed; then she crossed the lawn, and entered a long dark evenue of trees, which led, as I knew, into a small plantation that skirted the road. Noiselessly, but swiftly, I followed her, keeping at a respectable distance -as I could well afford to do, for the ground was still covered with snow and I was thus enabled to trace her by her footprints. I have since wondered that, in view of the fact of a burglary having been committed only the night before, we were not-both of uswatched in our turn by detectives, or some such people. Assuredly, a watch ought to have been set upon every peron in the house after such an event. But, I suppose, the truth was that the county police, who had the case in were a set of unmitigated dufcharge, fers, and the man from Scotland Yard. whom Sir Thomas had telegraphed for,

had not yet arrived At any rate, Lady Gramont went the whole length of the avenue, and I fol-lowed her without our being intercepted by anyone.

I was quite certain she was carrying something bulky and heavy beneath her cloak, and it struck me it was most likely some of the stolen jewels. She was taking them to her confederate, he not having been able to carry

off all the booty the night before. When she got to the end of the ave nue, she immediately entered the small plantation I have spoken of, and, for moment or two, I lost sight of her.

I had to stoop to search for her footprints, and by the time I had found them, and followed on in their wake for a few steps, I heard sounds which convinced me I had run my quarry to earth, and that it now behooved me to exercise the extremest caution. I heard voices, the rich, sweet one of

Lady Gramont, and the hoarse, deep tones of a man. Another moment, and I saw both him and her distinctly.

They were standing beneath an old elm-tree, which had been struck by lightning in the autumn. He was the same man whom I had

seen in the corridor last night, and he was holding out his arms to relieve her of her burden. Just at this critical moment, and be-

fore I could distinguish a word that passed between them, a most unluck; accident happened-an accident which as after events proved, might easily

have cost me my life. I had, almost unconsciously, been resting my weight on the branch of a tree, as I leaned forward to look and to listen

The branch was rotten. It cracked, snapped, and I plunged forward, on y

ing on the ground. The sound startled those two whom was watching.

The man seized what I new saw was a well-filled leathern bag from Lady Gramont, and fied through the plantation with the speed of a hunted hare, Lady Gramont looked wildly first one way and then another, seemed about to follow the man, and, finally, turned round, advanced a step or two in my direction, and, by so doing, all but fell into my arms, which I stretched out to intercept her passage.

For one moment we stood and gazed into each other's eyes in silence. The moon shone full down on us both We could see each other almost as distinctly as if it had been day. She recovered her composure, or, as

any rate, a fair semblance of it, very quickly.

"Mr. Douglas!" she exclaimed. "Oh,

www you st. tled me? I suppose I startled you, too, though. You would be surprised to see me here." Her beaut ul face actually wore smile as she aid this.

I told my elf she was preparing to throw dust n my eyes once more, and I steeled meelf against her.

I would t her know it was useless to try to 1 odwink me-to palm upon me any plausible falsehood accounting for her presence in the plantation at such an hour.

"No, Lady Gramont, I was not in the least surprised or startled. I answered coldly. "You will understand what I mean when I tell you I was a witness to your meeting with your friend in Thomas's house last night; and that I came here purposely to discover what your business with him might

She turned deathly pale—so pale that, for a moment, I feared she was about to faint.

She looked so beautiful, with her large, histrous eyes fixed piteously on mine, that I had much ado to keep my heart from relenting towards her; but the memory of Gwynne's wrongs strent hened me, and I continued, as sterniv as before:

"It is useless for you to seek to de seive me any further. I have proofs that you are in league with thieves; and, in my heart, I firmly believe you have the guilt of murder on your soul. Lad: Gramont. I recognize you as the woman who committed that murder in the mountain pass last Christmas

Whiter she could not be. That was impossible; but the look of terror in her beautiful eyes grew deeper and deeper. She opened her lips, but no words

eame. She was stricken dumb "Allow me to see what you have in your hand," I said, very coolly, seeing that, although her confederate had made off with the leathern bag, she was still convulsively clutching at something underneath her cloak.

As I spoke, I drew forth her hands, she not attempting to resist me, only looking up at me with piteous, imploring eyes.

I could not repress a slight exclamation when the moonlight flashed upon a necklace and tiara of sapphires. "Ah!" I exclaimed. "This, I pre ume, is your share of the spoils."

"No, no!" she panted. Oh, no, no! They are my own-my very own! Sir Harold gave them to me. He did, in-Looking at the jewels again, I was

forced to own she spoke truth in this. The sapphires had been Sir Harold's I had seen them before, and I recog-

This was an unexpected turn for the ffair to take. It nonplussed me, I must confess; but, after a moment or so, I fell back on my conviction that there was something very seriously wrong, and I de-manded, with no abatement of my sternness: "What are you doing with them

She did not answer-simply stood here?" before me in silence, her head drooping, her cloak fallen back a little so as to reveal the fact that she was in evening dress.

The very sight of this took me back to last Christmas Eve. I laid my hand on her arm, and I said, slowly and distinctly: "If you are not what I suspect you

to be, the proof lies ready to your hand. You can convince me in a single moment, if you choose." She did not appear to understand me, but I concluded this was only another piece of her matchless acting. Her lips moved faintly, and formed

word: "How?" "Show me your arm," I went on, nercilessly. "The woman whom I suspect of being a murderess has a wound upon her arm, caused by cauterization following the bite of a dog. Show me your arm, and, if there is no such mark upon it, I will let you pass unquestioned. I will not even seek to know what you are doing here." She looked up into my face with

those beautiful eyes of hers. There were tears in them-tears in her voice, too, as she panted forth: "Oh, no, no! At least, not now! How could I? Oh, for pity's sake-

I stopped her with a curt, sharp "Pray do not think those protestations will avail with me," I said. "It is a very simple thing I am requesting you to do-nothing that need shame the delicacy of the purest woman. I only ask you, in proof of your own in-noceace, to allow me to look at your arm. You need only roll up your sleeve to just a little above the elbow. Surely there is nothing in that to call for such agitation, or for such piteous

entreaties. "Spare me! Oh, spare me!" sh ried, and she folded her arms, as though involuntarily, across her breast. I was angered by her obduracyoved, too, by a fear that, if I did not take advantage of this opportunaty,

he would escape me after all. How did I know but that she might ind some means either of removing the scar from her arm, or of plausibly accounting for it, if once I let her go? Never before, in my life, had I offered violence to a woman; but I was relved to use it now.

"Lady Gramont," I said, sternly, "it is useless to seek to evade me. I am firmly resolved to know the truth of this matter; and, if you will not consent to show me, why, much as I shall regret to use even the shadow of force, I shall simply have to examine your arm for myself without your consent. I can only say that, if I find no scar there, I shall be willing to submit to any punishment you please. Once nore, I ask you, will you show me your

"Oh, no, no! Have pity! Spare me! spare me!" But I was resolute.

I took her arm firmly in both my ands, and rolled back the satin sleeve, which fell quite loosely two or three nches below her elbow. She uttered a faint shriek, but made to other resistance.

I think she realized it was useless o contend with me. In another moment I had the proof needed-the proof I had been so certain I should find.

The moonlight shone full upon a long, livid scar in that white and exquisitely rounded arm. It was the scar of the burn I myself

had made there a year ago. Even after this she would make no confession of her guilt; on the contrary, she asserted her innocence, though she must have known it was little likely I should believe in her as-

"I am innocent!" she cried. "Circumstances are against me, I admit; and it is impossible for me to explain them; but I am innocent. Oh, Mr. Douglas, I swear to you that I am in-"Pray do not appeal to me." I an- News.

swered coldly. "Personally, I have nothing further to do with you. I shall leave you in the hands of Sir

Harold Gwynne." At that she broke into a piercing cry of anguish, and fell upon her knees at my feet in the snow. It was the first sign of acute emo-

tion I had seen her show, and it moved me not a little, though I was

still resolved to de my duty, and to keep nothing back from Gwynne. "You will not tell him?" she moaned. "You will not tell him? Oh, I would rather that you killed me! Have mercy! Ah, Mr. Douglas, be a little merciful

"I must be just. I should be the basest of men if I were to keep such a thing as this from my friend." "Give me a little time," she moaned 'At least, give me a little time."

I stood in silence for a moment or wo, considering; she saw my besitation, and went on passionately plead-"Ah! do not tell him yet!" she pant-

"Give me a little time! Give me until to-morrow! Promise me he shall, not know to-night!" Although in my heart of hearts, I be-Heved this woman to be the guiltiest of her sex, she looked so thrillingly beautiful as she knelt at my feet in

the moonlight, that she inspired me with some touch of compassion. I hope I was not weaker than most men would have been under similar circumstances-nay, and not half so weak as some-nevertheless, as I listened to her passionate entreaties, I felt disposed to grant them.

After all, I might as well give her w hours' grace.

If Gwynne were told upon to-mor-row, it would be soon enough. "As you so earnestly wish it, I will give you till to-morrow," I said, at length. Nay, I will do more. If you prefer to tell the story to Sir Haroid with your own lips, you shall do so. Make your confession to him yourself -morrow, and I will hold my peace But, remember, he must know all."
"He shall!"

She rose from her knees as she said this, and looked me in the face, fully and straightly, for a single moment. "As you esteem me such a guilty oman, you will not even care to re ceive my thanks; but Mr. Douglas, I do thank you." She paused, then added: "And I thank you, most of all, for Vera's sake."

I just bowed my head without speaking, and, for a moment of two, there was a painful and embarrassing silence between us. I broke it.

"Had you not better return to the ouse?" I said. And, with a murmured, "Thank you will," she turned and walked up the enue towards the house. I followed her at a respectful dis-

ance, and in a state of mind impos sible to describe [TO BE CONTINUED ]

Bird That Kills Cobras. The British soldiers now in South Africa have no doubt during their marches come across a weird-looking bird, something like an eagle on stilts. wearing a crest resembling a bundle of quill pens sticking out from the back of its head. This is the secretary bird, or snake-eater, the "slangenvreeter" of the Dutch colonists. Those who would like to see this curious bird should pay a visit to the zoo. He is held

in great esteem by the Transvaalers and English colonists on account of his partiality for snakes. When he and the deadly cobra meet it means a duel to the death, and it is generally the cobrathat dies. The fight is exciting to witness. The lightning-like darts of the snake are parried by the bird's long wings, used as a most effective shield, and, when the chance presents itself, as a bludgeon. Once he has stunned his dazed adversary the bird sweeps up-Then dinner follows, in the shape

lowed head foremost.-London Mail. French Idea of Justice.

A decision has been given by one of the higher courts in France which is interesting in that it furnishes the French idea of justice in a case with which Americans are familiar. A woman whose husband lost his life on the ill-fated steamer Bourgogne sued the company owning the vessel and recovered 100,000 francs damages. The case was appealed and the upper court decided there was no ground for damages. The basis for the decision was stated to be the fact that the commander of the steamer conducted himself with bravery and went down with his craft, it being held that this fact absolved the company from blame. When one recalls the shocking brutality of the crew of the Bourgogne, who did not spare even the women in their ferecious attempts to save themselves, this remarkable decision holding the company blameless will strike the average person as queer.-Chicago Trib-

Advance in Higher Education. The advanced stages of education are ecoming more thickly crowded. I wenty-five years ago only .05 per cent. of the population was enrolled in the public high schools; now the percentage is 0.61—the number of such 1876 to 449,600 in 1898. The number in private high schools has increased in the same time from 73,740 to 105,225there having been a decrease relative in the population. This indicates a large measure of advance in the publie high schools as preparatory schools for colleges over what was the case years ago.-Chicago Chronicle.

An Artful Native.

A native runner between Kuruman and Mafeking was taking a quill dispatch through and was caught by the Boers. They searched him from top to toe and let him go, having found nothng .. The wily native had rammed the precious dispatch up his nose. - N. Y. lournal.

Sober Second Thought. Tom-Was it hard to tell Miss Auumnal you loved her? Jack-Not half so hard as it was to explain matters after I got sober .- Chicago Evening News.

His Point of View. The Spinster-Do you think men and vomen ever get too old to marry? The Bachelor-Not necessarily. Age doesn't always bring wisdom.- Chicago Daily News.

A Study in Colors.

is in a brown study.-Chicago Daily

DUG HIS OWN GRAVE

Joseph R. James, for Forty-Four Years Sexton of Belleville, Ill.

Had Buried 20,000 People While He Was the Town Gravedigger-Now Lies in the Tomb Which He Prepared Himself.

According to the Belleville (Ill.) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, Joseph R. James, of that city, in his lifetime dug over 20,000 graves and buried over 20,000 men, women and children. It was his wish that he might lie in a grave dug by his own hands. The wish was only partially realized. He begun to dig his own grave, but was not able to finish it, and the task was completed by his son. He was laid in it only a few days ago.

James was the sexton of Walnut Hill cemetery for 44 years, and was 75 years old at his death. He was first appointed to the position in the spring of 1855. On May 16 of that year he dug his first grave. His own, only partly finished, was the last one he dug.

James was a Cornishman. He had come to Belleville the year before, straight from his Cornish home, and was chosen sexton. When he received the appointment he went with his bride to live in a little old house in the cemetery. They lived there for many years. Two of their children were born there. Finally he inherited some money from a relative in England and bought property across the road, fronting the cemetery. There he bulit himself a home and lived until his death.

When James was first made sexton therewere only a few graves in the cemetery. When he died there were more than 20,000 in the city of the deadmore than in the city of the living

Year after year the mayors reappointed him to the position and the successive city councils always approved the appointment unanimously. It came to be accepted the position was his for life, and nobody ever applied for the appointment against him. He dug all the graves himself up to a short-time ago, when his growing feebleness caused him to accept the assistance of



DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE

his sons. He never relinquished the direction of the interments, though, and funeral scarcely would have seemed

to be complete without him. He had often expressed his desire that he should be able to dig the grave in which he should lie among the thousands whom he had put away in the old wards and descends with all his weight graveyard, and about three weeks ago, upon his dazed enemy, and the fight is when he had premonitions that he was going to be siek, taking into account of the body of the vanquished, swal- his age, he considered that possibly it might be his last illness. With what strength he had left he began digging the grave which he wished to occupy. Before he could complete it, though, he was compelled to take to his bed. He might have recovered and been able to complete digging the grave, but he arose too soon, and in attempting to walk across the floor he grew faint and fell, his head striking a coal bucket. In his enfeebled condition the injury has-

tened his death. His funeral was attended by all the city officials in a body. The city fire bells were tolled. Hundreds of those whose relatives he had buried followed

the body to the grave. James was a good deal of a philosopher. He did not believe that people were ever buried alive, or that there were such things as ghosts. His observation was that grief for the departed was not lasting as a general thing. Talking to a reporter who took a picture of him in the cemetery a few days before he was taken down with his fatal illness, he said:

"I have buried 20,000 dead people. I don't believe I have ever buried a live person. I have often had people come to me a few days after a funeral and tell me they feared that the relative who had been buried was not dead. Generally it is a mother whose child has been buried. Maybe somebody has remarked how lifelike the child looked or sugpupils having increased from 22,900 in gested that it might not have been dead, and the mother, unstrung and nervous and imaginative, thinks it over until she convinces berself that the child was not dead. Then she comes out here and asks me to open the grave. I always tell them that if the child was not dead before it certainly is dead now. They go away then. But I suppose some of them continue to doubt as long as they live whether the child was really dead.

"Some have had so strong a feeling that a relative has been buried alive that they have insisted upon the grave being opened. In no case, though, did I find that consciousness had returned after interment. There may be such cases, but in the light of my experience do not believe it.'

Manufacture of Pins. One hundred years ago it was considered a wonderful achievement for ten men to manufacture 48,000 pins in a day. Now three men make 7,500,000 pins in the same time. Perquisite of the Sailors.

It has been estimated that any crack steamer leaving New York takes with it bouquets worth from \$5,000 to \$15,-000. In a few hours the passengers begin to feel queer and send the flowers out of their rooms. Then they are collected by the stewards, carefully sorted over and put into the icebouse, and A man is apt to look bluest when he when the vessel reaches her English port they are sold and the profits di-vided among the men.-N. Y. Sun.

Fortunes on Finger Katle. In the days when fortune telling was more in vogue than at present, the shape and appearance of the finger nails were looked on as having reference to one's destiny. The nails were first rubbed ever with a mixture of wax and soot, and, after being thus prepared, were held so that the sunlight fell fully upon them. On the horny, transparent substance were supposed to appear signs and characters from which the future could be in-

terpreted. Persons, too, with a certain description of pails were supposed to possess certain characteristics. Thus man with red and spotted nails was of a fiery, hot-tempered disposition, whilst pale, lead-colored nails denoted a melancholy temperament. Ambitious and quarrelsome people were distinguished by narrow nails. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment had round-shaped nails. Conceited, obstinate and narrow-minded persons were possessed of small nails, lazy, indolent individuals of fleshy nails; and those of a gentle, timid nature of broad nails.-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Looking Forward.

"It's winter now, of course," said the good-natured old man to the passenger on his left in the street car, "but I'd like to ask if you are goin' fishin' next spring?

"Yes," was the brief reply. "Expect any luck?"

"Don't expect to catch a single fish, "No."

"Nor get a bite?" "No." "Not as much as a nibble?"

"And yet you'll go a-fishin'?"

"So'll L. Curus, ain't it?" "Yes." "I needn't wish you any luck, you won't catch a blamed thing."

"No." "Jest as big a fool as I am." "And I'm jest as big a fool as you

are. S'long."
"S'long."—Chicago Evening News. Not What She Expected. A young lady in the city who is some-

what noted for her coquetry was talk-

ing a few days ago to one of her numerous beaus. "Oh," she said, in a most pitiful tone of voice, "nobody loves me." As she paused for reply, the young man said, with that tenderness which

always appeals to the feminine heart:

"I am quite sure that somebody does love you. Her face brightened very perceptibly as she said, with a great deal of interest:

"I wonder who on earth it can be Do you know?" "Oh, yes," he replied. "God and your mother."-Memphis Scimitar.

Done With Forever.

"Ah," he mouned, "this is not the kind of bread mother used to make." "Perhaps," his fair young wife said, preparing to abolish one joke from their family forever, "it is not the kind she used to make, but it's the kind she makes now. She brought over a loaf this afternoon, saying she knew you would be so glad to get an-

other taste of it!" Then there crept into his eyes the wild, hunted look that people read about .- Chicago Times-Herald.

Evelution. "It is really wonderful," mused the deep thinker, "how a thing or an entity will have its beginning, run its course, and end exactly as it began.

You follow me, I hope? "I think I do," said the worldly one. "For instance, a man will get a jug and hit it up. Immediately a jag is de veloped. Then he may produce a jig, and very likely wind up in the jug."-Philadelphia Press.

A Praiseworthy Talent. Mrs. Van Buren-Sick, is yo'? Yer drunk, dat's whad yo' is, Selah Van

gin-drinkin' niggah! Selah Van Buren-W-why doan' yo' add chicken-stealin' to dat catygorry "I ain't singin' none ob yo'r praises,

Buren, yo' low-down, erap-shootin',

coon; I's showin' yo'r failin's."-Judge. Curious South American Poison. The Indians of South America use a curious poison which is called ezcal A grain of it has the effect of starting an irresistible desire for exertion. The victim begins walking briskly round and round in small circles till he drops

but much excitement .- N. Y. World. The 20th Street Baptist Church has moved its place of worship from its former place of worship (20th street, between Main and Cary) to corner of 21st and Grace street, and the nam-has also been changed to that of Mace donia Bapt at Church. The public is invited to attend the services which take place at the usual hours-11 a m S. S. S p. m.; regu ar services, 8p. m Rav. A B SMITH, Paster; JAMAS POWELL, Clerk. 12 2-1m.

Special Notice.

ministers, lawyers, doctors elerks, insurance collectors, market men, porters, laborers, boot blacks men in every occupation, members of minatrel troupes, Grand Lodge of Ma-sons, Grand Army of Republic, Samar-itans, True Reformers and all other bodies that meet in Richmond, take their meals at Thompson's Dining Boom.

\$100. REWARD:\$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Ours is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a con-aritutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh ure is taken internally, acting directy upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the sonstitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Sold by all druggists, 75e.

SECOD TO NONE Woma's Cornner Stone Beneficial Ass'n.

Incorporated March, 1897 OFICE: . 502 W LEIGH

Authorized Capital. \$5,000

Claims promptly paid as soon as sat-isfactory notice of sick case or death is placed in home office. OFFICERS:

Louisa E. Williams, Presiden Kate Holmes, - Vice-President Bettie Brown, - Treasurer Mildred Cooke Jones, Sec. a Bus. Man BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Louisa E. Williams, Kate Holmes Mattie F. Johnson, Ann M. Johnson Bettie Brown, Mildred C. Jones.

DR. D. A. FERGUSON.

Gold Crown and Bridge Work. Special Attention paid to Children's Teeth. Office, 110 E. Leigh St.,

Dentist.

WWSCOTT 808 N. 2ND STREET. Hair Cutting. Shaving and Shampooing in First Class Style. Tonsorial Apartments now open to receive you,

Open an Accoun with Us.

We will lend you any amount from \$5 to \$1,000 to be paid back in small weekly rayments Something new, parely mutual and takes the place of bank account to persons of small means ferms reasonable. Address or call on THE U. S. MUTUAL BANKING CO.

Room 7, Ebel Building. 832 EastMain Street.

Call and see me.

The Custalo House,

702 E. BROAD ST. Having remodeled my bar, and having an up-to-date place, I am prepared to serve my friends and the publicat the same old stand.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

FRST CLASS RESTAURANT. Meals At All Hours, New 'Phone. 1261. Wm. Custale, Prop

H. F. Jonathan,



12-Whites, Too Profuse Periods...... 23
13-Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness..... 26 14-Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions. 25 15-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains..... 25 16-Maiaria, Chills, Fever and Ague .... .25 19 Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head .05 27-Kidney Diseases .....

FUNERAL DRECTOR & EMBALMER

Orders by Telephone or Telegraph promptly filled. Wed dings suppers and Entertainments promptly attended. Old 'Phone 686 Residence in Building New 'Phone 480

20 N. 17th St., Richmond, Va Orders will receive prompt attention dead in his tracks. There is no pain, Dr. Humphreys' Specifics cure by acting directly upon the disease, without exciting disorder fa any other part of the system. i-Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations. 25 2-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colle. . 25 3-Teething, Colle, Crying, Wakefulnes .33 4-Diarrhen, of Children or Adulte..... 25 10-Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, 25 11-Suppressed or Painful Periods .... 23

Nervous Debility .....

77-Grip, Hay Fever ....

30-Urinary Weakness, Wotting Red ... . 23

Dr. Humphreys' Manual of all Diseases at your bruggists or Mailed Free.

Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of parece, Humphreys' Med. Co Cor. William & John Res New York,

W. I. Johnson,

Office and Warerooms: 207 N. Foushee St., near Broad, -- HACKS FOR HRE --